UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Are There Jobs Enough?

By Joseph Ernest McAfee

Will China Go Soviet? - - - *J. F. Ho*

The Man Who Played God
- - - - *Walter Horace Upton*

The Reconstruction of the Church for the Reconstruction of Civilization
- - - - *Ernest M. Whitesmith*

Treading the Tobacco Road - *Harold P. Marley*

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Contents

EDITORIAL—

Notes 43
Are There Jobs Enough?—JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE 46
Jottings.—J. H. H. 46

ARTICLES—

Selected—*Arthur E. Morgan* 43
Will China Go Soviet?—J. F. Ho 47
The Man Who Played God—WALTER HORACE UPTON 50
The Reconstruction of the Church for the Reconstruction of Civilization—ERNEST M. WHITESMITH 52
Treading the Tobacco Road—HAROLD P. MARLEY 55

POETRY—

The Pains of Hell Got Hold on Me—E. GUY TALBOT 49
Ex-Soldier—GERTRUDE HAHN 54

THE STUDY TABLE—

A Plea for Utopia—JESSE H. HOLMES 56
A New Edition of the New Testament—J. H. H. 56
Oliver Protector—ROBERT C. SCHALLER 57
Portrait of a Hero—LYLE CORS 57

THE FIELD—

A Petition to President Roosevelt 42
Liberal Thought and Moscow Terror—*America* 58

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

A Petition to President Roosevelt

Dear Mr. President:

We, the undersigned citizens, have become alarmed at the frequency with which high officials within your Administration have advocated various proposals for increasing the military character of the Civilian Conservation Corps. Due to the fact that two such proposals have already been introduced in Congress, one with the support of the War Department, we feel a duty rests upon us to express to you our vigorous opposition to these and any similar measures which may subsequently be advocated.

H. R. 5593, the measure initiated by the War Department and said to be supported by General MacArthur, Chief of Staff, provides for C. C. C. members beyond their regular six months' service, an extended enlistment period of two months "for the purpose of intensive military training," after which such members will be enrolled in an Auxiliary Reserve force for a five-year period during which they shall be paid twenty-four dollars per year. H. R. 5592, sponsored by Congressman McSwain, Chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, contains similar though not identical provisions.

Our opposition to these proposals springs from several considerations. First, we fail to comprehend any impending danger, external or domestic, which might be cited to justify this or any other increase in our military forces at this time. In the second place, we are convinced that the adoption of either of the above or any similar measures will certainly serve to further heighten suspicion abroad as to the peaceful intentions of American foreign policy in general and of your Administration in particular. In the third place, we feel our opposition to the above proposals is wholly consistent with the historic traditions of American democracy which have always looked with distrust upon extensive military institutions and upon the attitudes of the military caste which they inevitably bring into being. Washington warned his followers against "overgrown military establishments" because "under any form of government (they are)

(*Continued on page* 58)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXV MONDAY, APRIL 1, 1935 Number 3

Democracy cannot be created solely by revolution or by legislation. It grows with increase of insight, imagination and sympathy, which make us share the aspirations and the burdens of other men, lead us to include other men in our world of hope and risk, and incline us to share our lot with them. Democracy can thrive only to the extent that we see pursuit of a good life as a common adventure in which we must stand or fall together.

—Arthur E. Morgan, in "Impediments to Democracy," in *Antioch Notes.*

Well, the World War was a great success, wasn't it? The Versailles Treaty a triumphant peace? We wish that Woodrow Wilson and Clemenceau and Orlando were alive with Lloyd George these days to see how mighty was their handiwork in subduing and disarming Germany and thus saving civilization. Arms are mighty, are they not? The works of war stupendous? It is now a decade and a half after the wonderful victory of 1919, bought with four years of incredible bloodshed and horror, and everything done is undone, and Germany as formidable as ever! Nay, a thousand times more formidable, for who would not gladly have the first Reich in place of the third, and the Kaiser instead of Hitler? Of course, to the pacifist there is no surprise in all this. It was prophesied when the Allies took up arms to save Europe from the "Huns," prophesied again when the United States joined in the holy "war to end war," prophesied still again when America and the Allies tried to put an end to Germany as Rome put an end to Carthage. You can find everything that has happened since 1919 foretold in so many words in the pacifist literature prior to 1919. Nobody listened then—but everybody is listening *now!* To us there is a magnificent if terrible justice in what Hitler has done. We find a certain satisfaction in seeing even such hands as his tear up the monstrous Versailles Treaty and make an end of it. The Chancellor and his countrymen cannot be accused of treachery or repudiation in this action. There is no "scrap of paper" in Hitler's defiance. Be it remembered that the German Envoys, treated like dogs at Versailles, signed this infamous document at the point of the bayonet, and therefore stood unbound before the ink of their signatures was dry on the parchment. Yes, justice prevails! But none the less awful is the existing crisis. Where are now Hitler's professions of peace, so easily made and so idiotically believed? What is the chance of Europe holding together another year, another month? The sword is out of the sheath, let there be no doubt about that, and it only needs an occasion, an excuse, an accident, to release it into fight. What was done in 1914 thus moves on with iron tread to the last hour of doom.

One blow-up after another disturbs the peace of Europe. One blow-up after another subsides, after spreading havoc in its own immediate neighborhood, and the world takes another breath. A while ago Dollfuss was assassinated in Austria, and Europe trembled. Then came the murder of King Alexander, and the Balkans seethed like a volcano. Recently Greece exploded, and in the raging fires of civil war kindled a flame that might have engulfed the continent. This was just what happened, it must be remembered, in the days before the outbreak of the Great War. Incident after incident arose, and as each one passed, mankind took courage and said, "See, how peaceful we are!" But then came Sarajevo, as it had to come, and all Europe tumbled into the pit of war. It's this tragic history which we are rewriting today. Again, as formerly, there are fools who feel that each crisis passed means a world more strongly committed to peace. As a matter of fact each crisis passed, today as yesterday, means one step nearer to a debacle inevitable in the circumstances of these days. Why otherwise do the nations, already over-armed, still increase their armaments? And why do these crises appear at all if Europe is not on edge for war? At the moment, a crisis, like the Jugo-Slavian crisis, is survived because the nations do not dare to fight. But sooner or later, as the situation steadily becomes aggravated, there will come a time, as at Sarajevo, when the nations will not dare *not* to fight. And then Armageddon will come! Looking at the international landscape today, seeing Abyssinia, Greece, Austria, Japan, Germany, we find war as inevitable as tomorrow's morn. Mr. Wells's announcement of it, when he stepped upon these shores three weeks ago, is only a statement of the commonplace in every informed and intelligent mind today. We wish it were not so. We can discover no reason why it should be so. But it *is*—and we see no sense and much shame in denying or concealing what is true.

The legend of Venizelos, of Greece, now in exile in France as a defeated revolutionist, is one of the most amazing myths of modern times. It has for years been played up to perfection by an ignorant and reactionary press. Witness the last chapter of the tale—the pathetic picture of the old man, with tears in his eyes and sobs in his voice, bidding farewell to Crete, never to return. How tragic and sublime! Yet in fact this cowardly dictator, who has long used men as pawns to his purposes, was fleeing to save his own personal life, in a boat appropriated for his own exclusive use, while abandoning to the victorious foe thousands of humble soldiers and sailors who had pledged their all to his service. If the Kaiser's flight from Germany was shameful, as freely charged, what shall we say of this? But what about this legend of which we have spoken? It began during the War when Venizelos turned traitor to his King, and forced his unhappy country into a conflict, with which it was not even remotely concerned, on the side of the Allies. His action was identical with that of Italy. Offered lavish bribes by the Allied Powers, he took up arms against Germany for the sake of the booty to be won. After the Armistice he went to Versailles to collect the swag, and did a first-class imperialistic job. His claim to fame, so his friends declare, is his work in creating out of the War the structure of Greater Greece. This is a valid claim. At the cost of blood and treasure, paid as always by the common people, Venizelos made his country into an empire—a miserable and petty specimen, to be sure, but still an empire. If this is glory, this scheming old marplot is deserving of his share; but his fellow-countrymen got sick of him long since, and drove him into retirement. Steadily tending toward Fascism in recent years—a sure way of destroying popular rights and getting control of things!—Venizelos made his final bid for power in the recent revolution, and was deservedly defeated. His country, and the world, are now well rid of him. The present Greek government is nothing to boast about or rejoice over, but it has done well in saving one more land from being caught and crushed by the paw of the Fascist beast.

Some weeks ago Dr. Julius Lippert, National Socialist Commissar for Berlin, Germany, made a speech in which he denied the reported persecution of the Jews in his country. He gave assurance that nothing had happened or was happening to them at all. Many newspapers and private persons here in America took this statement at its face value, just as they accept as sincere the utterances of Adolf Hitler on the question of European peace. These innocents actually think that the Nazi leaders mean what they say! How ridiculous are all such statements about the status of the German Jews is shown by an article in the New York *Times,* written by Otto D. Tolischus, Berlin correspondent, and passed by the Nazi censors. "There is increasing evidence," says this well-informed journalist, "that under cover of such statements (as that of Julius Lippert) a new anti-Semitic wave is spreading through the National Socialist Party." He adds the news that this "is receiving active if underground support from National Socialist administrative authorities." In proof of this assertion, Mr. Tolischus specifies certain measures recently adopted. These are (1) the arrest of Jewish emigrés returning to Germany, and their consignment to "'schooling camps,' a new euphemism for concentration camps"; (2) the prohibition of all "propaganda urging Jews to remain in Germany, including advice to former non-Zionist Jewish organizations and to bewildered Jewish youth"; (3) the issuing of instructions to police "to discourage all work designed to train Jewish youth"—that is, barring them from academic careers, and from making a living on farms and from manual crafts; (4) and, lastly, the forbidding of German Jews to display the German flag. "The nature of these measures," says Mr. Tolischus, "seems to indicate that the main purpose is to increase the pressure on Jews to drive them out of Germany." Speculating as to the causes of this new and virulent anti-Semitic repression, the *Times* correspondent suggests increasing economic difficulties and the setback in Germany's foreign policy. The main thing to note is that the Jewish horror in Nazi Germany continues as one of the supreme tragedies of modern times. Also, that when a Nazi leader says conciliatory things as regards Jews, France, Austria, peace, or whatnot, he is covering up something which represents the exact opposite of his words! There is no truth in these men, as there is no mercy.

We wonder if the middle-of-the-road policy ever really pays. Or rather we don't wonder at all, to be perfectly frank, but are certain that in the long run it never pays! In the beginning, of course, the man in the middle of the road pleases everybody. Crowds stand on left and right, and toss flowers and raise ecstatic shouts. This man belongs to both sides—at least, both sides claim him, and to neither does he say nay. But it isn't long before the people, left and right, want the hero to come definitely over to their side. They are not satisfied to have him keep to the middle of the road, and smile charmingly over both shoulders. But the man keeps on—if he swings one way by any accident, then promptly he swings the other way, to keep things even. Whereupon complaints are heard, then queries and challenges, and at last open revilements. In the end brickbats are thrown and blows struck, and the man in the middle of the road is overwhelmed by the attack of lefts and rights together. Once pleasing everybody, he now

pleases nobody—and the end is at hand. All of which has reference, or may soon have reference to a man by the name of Franklin Delano Roosevelt! Nothing is more manifest than the fact that the President's universal popularity is over and done with. From being the most popular man who ever sat in the White House, he is at least headed in the direction of becoming the most unpopular. The troubles pressing upon him are multiplying daily, until what was in the beginning a pageant of triumph is now degenerating into a veritable rout. And the worst of it is that the welter of confusion springs from the chaotic merging of attacks from left and right at one and the same time. It is difficult to say whether the radicals or the reactionaries are most bitter against the President, whether Ogden Mills or Huey Long is in the van of the assault. Only one thing is clear, and that is that Mr. Roosevelt is losing support at a time when he is desperately in need of it. Of course lip service is still soft and slobbery; deference is still being paid to a great office and a charming man. But the break-up of the fête is at hand—unless this middle-of-the-road man abandons his desperate position, and taking his place on one side or the other, leads a real fight instead of a sham parade!

Can religion be revived these days? It can. Look at New York, for example! Some time ago Mayor La Guardia and his Tax Commission decided to look into the matter of tax-exempt property, and find out why so much land in the city was bringing in no taxes. Among other things, they found a number of empty church buildings which were all relieved of assessments. Some of these buildings represented frankly abandoned churches; others were the result of consolidation. Now the administration decreed that such churches must be taken off the exempt roll and taxed like any other property. Instantly there came a revival of religious activity which was astounding. Church after church, long disused, was promptly opened up, cleaned and polished, and duly set to work again. In one church, for example, long as barren as a tomb, Sunday morning services were resumed, with a dozen devout worshippers, perhaps, in attendance. In another, Sunday afternoon vesper services were announced. In a synagogue not unknown to fame, Friday evening services for the deaf were regularly conducted. As nobody could ever hear anything in this synagogue auditorium anyway, these services seemed most appropriate! Thus, in one way or another, did dead churches come to life again, and religion miraculously revive. It was a strange and yet wholly natural spectacle, for it was inevitable under the law that religious services should be held if these were necessary to secure and maintain the right to tax-exemption. We doubt if there is a church or minister, synagogue or rabbi, in the country who would not do just this thing in just such emergency. Where is the fault? Yet is it ridiculous, if not criminal or even unethical? The one way to prevent such a situation as this is to do what should have been done long since—namely, tax religious buildings and property on the same basis as all other property. It is tax-exemption which is the scandal. End this favorable discrimination, which only serves to place on others the burden which should be borne by everybody, and difficulties will end. After all, a city must be supported, and why not by religious as well as by secular interests? At bottom we should like to see this done, if only to discover how many religious institutions would have vitality enough to survive.

Two of the greatest of all Americans passed into the Great Beyond in this last month of March—the one, Oliver Wendell Holmes, world-famous lawyer and jurist, the other, Michael I. Pupin, world-famous scientist and inventor. Judge Holmes, son of his distinguished father, the great physician, poet and essayist, was a scion of the most aristocratic stock of old New England. He was the gentleman born and bred, the finest flower of the Brahmin caste of Boston. He shared few of the frailties of this caste; on the contrary, he possessed all of its virtues and none of its infirmities. These virtues, be it said, were the noblest of an age now unhappily passing away. The race has produced few things finer than the nineteenth century liberal, and Oliver Wendell Holmes was the intellectual and spiritual distillation of this type of personality. If there is any such thing as a native American, Holmes was this thing in uttermost inner perfection. Professor Pupin, *per contra,* was of the pure immigrant stock. Born a Serbian peasant, as a lad a shepherd on the hillsides of his native country, he landed at Castle Garden in the fall of 1874, with a Turkish fez on his head, a piece of apple pie in his hand, and 5 cents in his pocket. The story of his struggle upward to fame and fortune, as set down in the pages of his autobiography, "From Immigrant to Inventor," is a tale to match with that of Jacob A. Riis and Mary Antin in sheer human interest. Out of it all came preeminent achievement in the fields of mathematical physics and electrical invention, and a name destined to immortality among the great leaders of modern science. Could there be any contrast more striking than that between Holmes and Pupin? What other land than America could foster such differences among its citizens in origin and character? And what is more truly American than the spirit of intellectual freedom, personal dignity and moral integrity in which these two men, for all their differences, were as one? It is this which has made this country great, and should keep her great forever.

Are There Jobs Enough?

Manifestly not. More than ten millions of Americans are seeking remunerative employment who cannot find it. Can industry be speeded up and expanded to provide jobs for all? That depends upon what you mean by industry.

Within the ranges of human welfare is there scope for the activities of all the population? Absolutely. There is no limit. There is no zenith, there are no horizons beyond which human aspiration may not mount and spread. But that is beside the immediate point.

Industry is a term commonly used to embrace the production and distribution of the commodities upon which a given population subsists. There is a limit to industry so defined. It is incontrovertible that each person can wear but one pair of shoes at a time. It is convenient to have more than one pair in the closet, and it pleases some to multiply these supplies until the closet presents quite an array of footwear.

But at some point, in the case of each commodity, the supply passes beyond utility and becomes extravagance and waste. Among Americans, in the items of shoes and clothing and food and housing and, indeed, every one of the commodities, this point has been passed by considerable numbers. There is much extravagance and waste. In the case of millions, however, the limit of utility has not been reached. Far from it. It is the responsibility of industry to provide these at present lacking commodities. Industry may be speeded up and expanded, and should be speeded up and expanded, until the limit of utility is reached for each and all.

After that is said and insisted upon, it remains true that the expansion of industry is not the complete solution of the present problem of unemployment, and especially will that not be the solution of the problem in the future. Statesmanship which is content with that resort is deficient. Society has no right to throw upon the industrialist responsibility for the complicated and far-reaching social problems involved in today's vast burden of unemployment.

All material wealth is initially created by industry. Industry must provide the commodities upon which each man, woman and child in the population shall subsist. Already great stores of this wealth have passed out of control of the industrialist. The commodities upon which the preacher, the lawyer, the editor, the teacher subsist are created by industry, but the activities of these and other professional members of the community bear no direct relation to the processes by which these commodities are produced. These so-called professional groups are not employed in and by industry.

Nothing, it seems to us, has been made more clear by the present economic and industrial breakdown, than that this process of directing activities into other lines than those related to the production and distribution of commodities must be vastly extended. Industry does not need all the workers who now look to it directly for employment. All, however their activities may be employed, must look to industry to supply their subsistence. But industry simply clutters up its plants and hopelessly fails to discharge its proper function in the community, if and when it undertakes to use in its processes of production all of the human energy now looking to it for employment.

Up to a certain point industry creates employment, provides jobs. Beyond that point it does not, cannot and should not be expected to. Under the pressure of technological science, it is the business of industry to create unemployment; that is, to substitute mechanical for human energy in its processes.

Deficient purchasing power in the population is what fundamentally ails industry today. Multitudes stand eager to expend their energies in activities which contribute to the welfare of the community, for whose subsistence the present organization of industry makes no provision. To make that provision and to gear industry to its whole task of providing subsistence for all, without regard to its ability to employ all in its immediate processes of producing and distributing commodities, seems to us the supreme task of statesmanship today.

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

Jottings

With Samuel Insull acquitted on all charges against him, why did he ever run away?

On March 11th last, Hitler placed Germany's civilian aviation corps under the direct orders of the Reichswehr, though the Versailles Treaty provides that "the armed forces of Germany must not include an air force."

On March 16th, Hitler announced universal military conscription, assuring an army of at least 500,000 men, though the Versailles Treaty limits Germany's army to 100,000 men.

As in the case of the Allies' war debts to the United States, and of the "gold clause" in United States bonds—*what are you going to do about it?*

Father Coughlin seldom opens his mouth without comparing himself to Jesus Christ. General Johnson compared him flatly to Judas Iscariot. It all depends on the point of view!

When Archbishop Diaz, of Mexico, disappeared the other day, it was feared that his house had been invaded by Communists and he had been kidnapped. A heinous crime! As a matter of fact it was discovered that his house had been invaded by the government and he had been arrested. But why wasn't this a heinous offense also?

A reporter of economic tendencies in this country announces "continued rise in food prices, but significant compensating break in tin, plus further recessions in wool and steel scrap." Hungry consumers will be gratified, we are sure, by this "compensating break," especially in the price of "steel scrap." Such an excellent substitute for bread!

The millions on relief in this country are producing babies at a rate to alarm the Government. The birth-rate is 210 to every 1,000 mothers on relief as compared to 137 to every 1,000 mothers not on relief. Well, the unemployed evidently have some occupation, at any rate!

J. H. H.

Will China Go Soviet?

China today is a land of chaos and poverty. It is commonly charged that the Chinese people are too passive; that this passivity is responsible for the state of affairs existing in China today. The press has consciously conveyed that impression to the American people. A historical study of the struggle of the Chinese people to find a way out effectively refutes the charge of passivity.

The overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty and the establishment of the Republic were the first steps in the struggle. There followed then a series of civil wars organized by Dr. Sun Yat-Sen and his followers, who attempted to dislodge from their position of power the remnants of bureaucratic cliques of the former Manchu Dynasty, headed by Yuan Shih-Kai and Tuan Chi-Jui. The mass of the people took very little active part in these early struggles; these struggles nevertheless represented the aspirations of the progressive elements of the population and did receive the support of a vast majority of the people.

By 1919 with the beginning of the student movement and the development of the anti-Japanese movement, the struggle had broadened into a genuine movement of the people, who fought the misrule of their own warlords and the aggression of Japan in China. No sooner had this movement ebbed, than there came with renewed vigor the anti-British strike of the Chinese seamen in the port of Hongkong in 1921-22. The strikes of the cotton workers of Shanghai and those of the railroad workers on the Peking-Hankow Railroad followed.

The great revolutionary upsurge of 1925-27 represented another great effort of the Chinese people to bring about a solution of their problems. In this period, it is important to note, the whole social outlook and social content of the Chinese revolution had undergone a change. Not only did the intellectuals and a small progressive group participate, but the masses of workers and peasants were also being drawn into the struggle. The industrial workers of the great cities increasingly took a leading role. These events demonstrated that the "ignorant" and hard-working people of China would no longer merely submit to the lot of misery and slavery.

There were frustrations and disappointments, but the Chinese people learned from experience to adopt a more correct line of action and form of struggle.

Today the fight continues. The political power of the toiling people is massed against the power of the militarists, landlords and the capitalists—both native and foreign. The Soviet power of the workers and peasants is fighting the rule of the Kuomintang to obtain supremacy in the country.

What will be the outcome of the fight? Which side has the support of the Chinese people and of the friends outside who are interested in the freedom of the Chinese people. To answer these questions, one must examine the conditions and the social forces at work in present day China, and bring into sharp relief the policies and practices of the ruling class in foreign relations and domestic affairs.

Many writers have tried to emphasize the great strides made in the modernization of China under the Kuomintang regime. They point to the construction of public highways and to the resultant increase in the import of cement and other materials as an indication of progress made. They point to the rapid annual increase in the demand for American and other foreign-made automobiles and trucks, to the air-dromes being built and the increased import of aeroplanes.

Exporters of the United States and other countries find these facts an inducement for the investment of further capital and the further expansion of the market. But certainly these "improvements" bring no benefit to the mass of the people of China. On the contrary, the building of the highways, far from improving the economic conditions of the people because of the jobs opened up, has increased their hardships. It is true that construction has meant work for the people. However, it is conscripted labor; they do not benefit from it materially, since, in addition to abandoning their own work on the land, they have to supply their own tools and food. Refugees from the flood and famine areas are also exploited in this work; their pay is a scanty supply of food and shelter in tents.

Then when the roads are completed, who uses them? The common folk of the cities and villages, who have built the roads and paid for their maintenance, for the most part still have to travel on foot through the by-paths and carry their produce to the market suspended on the ends of bamboo sticks on their shoulders. When they make "use" of them at all, they have to pay a good price to the trucking and bus companies. The military, on the other hand, has been furnished with better and more efficient transportation, and the privileged few are able to speed along the smooth surface in their imported high-priced autos.

To the great masses of the people the "improvements" represent only an overwhelming burden. The Kuomintang is forced to resort to borrowing and unscrupulous levying of taxes upon the people by their schemes for a planned economy, by the campaigns for

the subjugation of the country, by the anti-communist drive, by the need to reimburse foreign "experts" for their services, and the unfavorable balance in foreign trade, largely a result of foreign dumping. The notorious fifty million dollar Wheat and Cotton Loan obtained from the United States in 1933, and the loans from Great Britain, etc., through the "conversion of Boxer Indemnities" are supposed to further the work of "reconstruction." But the very word "reconstruction" is a misnomer. Actually, a great part of the loans are diverted to the use of the military.

Taxation! Neither industry nor agriculture is spared. Goods manufactured by the native factories and shops are subjected to many kinds of taxes. For example, in 1933 the tax on native-made matches increased from $7.50 a box to $17.40, amounting to 70% of the price. Similar burdens are placed on other lines of manufactured goods. As a result, silk filatures have been forced to close down in great numbers. The cotton industry reduced its operation 33%, and in the summer of 1934 the largest cotton mill in Shanghai, owned by Yung Chung Chin, was declared bankrupt, and it was lately reported that negotiations are pending for its sale to the Japanese. Not only by financial and credit operations do the foreign financiers and industrialists gain control and ownership of industries developed with native capital, but the Nanking government and warlords are constantly accelerating the passing of control or ownership to the foreign imperialists.

Direct taxes on farm land have increased many times in recent years. That the main burden falls upon the poor peasants is conceded even by Chiang Kai-Shek, who admits, "The tax weighs heavily on the poor people, but the well-to-do are lucky enough in evading the tax, a fact that is mainly responsible for the ruination of villages."* In many provinces such land taxes are being collected years in advance. In the province of Czechuan, by December, 1933, land taxes up to the year 1991 had been collected. There are different kinds of taxes and levies, such as the house number tax, the tax to hire workers for the troop movements, taxes on telephones, bridges, military requisitions, granaries, forts, pao kai (local militia) rice, stamps, police, opium, dams, the anti-Communist volunteer tax, etc., more than 20 in all. (In spite of the collection of the tax to hire workers for the troop movements coolies and others are conscripted at the point of bayonets to be ammunition carriers.) In Kiangsi province 20 taxes are still imposed although Chiang Kai-Shek has granted special exemptions to the people in order to offset the Communist influence there. In other provinces there are more taxes imposed, the number varying from 60 to 90 types. In Kwangtung Province even toilets and house beams are taxed by the number!

The population as a whole, especially the peasants, groan under this burden. In addition to the taxes, the rents are exorbitant, amounting to 50 to 80% of the total produce and usurious rates are charged on loans, the usual rate of interest being as high as 200% and in extreme cases reaching 1,400%! This is driving the poorer peasants to starvation and death. Farm lands are more and more concentrated in the hands of a few big landowners. The workingmen of the cities and the small shopkeepers are naturally affected by the ruin of the villages. Workers are affected by the increasing influx into the towns of the village poor, who leave the country to seek work; the tradesmen suffer from the shrinkage of purchasing power of the rural districts. These factors aggravate further the already grave economic situation resulting from the world economic crisis.

Such is the reverse side of the picture of the "benevolent" rule of the Kuomintang—of the widely lauded increased export trade to China from the capitalist countries. It is no exaggeration to say that the rule of theKuomintang means more power and control by foreign finance on the one hand, and slavery, starvation and death for the masses of the Chinese people on the other hand. Is it any wonder that the Chinese masses are revolting, that their revolt takes the form of strikes of city workers, of clashes between poor peasants and the landlord-gentry in the villages, and also of armed struggles between the military forces of the Kuomintang government and the Soviet Chinese Red Army?

The imperialist powers are not content with the economic and political domination which they have thus far obtained. Great Britain, the United States, Japan, and France—all are striving to expand in China. Japan opened the race with the armed seizure of Manchuria in 1931; Great Britain carried still further her aggression in Tibet, Sinkiang and Sikang; France is occupying nine islands on the Pacific, within the territorial waters of South China, and is making further incursions into the Provinces of Yunnan and Kwangsi; while the United States, by its domination of the Chiang Kai-Shek group, seeks to hide its imperialist designs behind the "Open Door" policy.

In the face of all this, the policy of the Nanking Government is capitulation—a policy which is equivalent to an actual invitation to international control and partition of China. Witness the indifference of Nanking toward the predatory acts of Great Britain and France. Witness the indifference during the first few months of Japanese aggression in China and the subsequent open cooperation since the Shanghai fighting in 1932, displayed by the Kuomintang government to the Japanese armed invasion and conquest in Manchuria and north China. The Shanghai Truce of 1932 resulted in the demilitarization of a great zone in Shanghai following the forced cessation of the heroic resistance of the masses of the people and the 19th Route Army. By the signing of the Tangku Truce of 1933, Manchuria and Jehol are considered lost as far as Nanking is concerned, and a great part of north China goes under the actual rule of Japanese Imperialism. With the resumption of rail and postal communications with Manchukuo, Nanking has virtually granted *de facto* recognition to that Japanese puppet "state."

In order to carry out such a policy unhindered, the Kuomintang regime chokes every dissenting voice. Criticism of the Kuomintang's indifference to imperialist partition and their capitulation to Japanese invasion is considered an act of treason. Chiang Kai-Shek himself, in April, 1932, declared that anyone who dared to speak of fighting the Japanese invasion during the anti-Red campaign was to be punished by death. And those who petition resistance to Japanese invasion through demonstrations and delegations, particularly the students, are imprisoned, or are met with bayonets and bullets, and their leaders executed. Can treachery against the Chinese people be more open?

Along with the ruthless suppression of anti-imperialist actions of the people, deception is also resorted to by the Kuomintang regime. This is seen in the

*Instruction of Chiang Kai-Shek to the provincial governments of Hupei, Honan, Anhwei, Kiangsi, Kiansu and Chekiang.

so-called "New Life" movement, initiated by Chiang Kai-Shek; in the slogans put forth by Nanking, entreating the people to "Be calm before national disaster," to "Negotiate with Japan while resisting," to "Wait patiently for the League of Nations to find a peaceful solution of the Sino-Japanese difficulties," etc. Events of the past two years have showed the failure of these slogans to fool the people. The "New Life" movement has only intensified the already miserable conditions of the people. This subject cannot be dealt with here in detail. An illustrative incident can be cited, however. One point in its program stresses dressing "decently"—that is, no one is allowed to go about in public with the upper part of his body bare. In Kiukiang, Kiangsi Province, a coolie was arrested for such an offense last summer by a "New Life" enforcement officer. The officer was quite "lenient" in his enforcement. He found forty cents in the coolie's trouser knot and bought from a nearby shop a new shirt, which he forced the "offender" to put on. Upon his release, the coolie left remarking with quivering lips that his wife and little son would have to go without rice for the next three days. That is what the "New Life" means to the poor!

Acts such as these are met with mounting resentment and protest, both within China and outside. And the Kuomintang supplements open terroristic measures with abduction and the secret assassination of its opponents, revolutionary and non-revolutionary.

The so-called Blue Jackets, like a pack of mad dogs let loose by Chiang Kai-Shek, are going about carrying out the secret orders of execution. A long list of names has been compiled by this group of kidnappers and assassins; the persons named are regarded as enemies of the "nation" and are to be done away with. In 1933 a nationally known woman writer, Ting Ling, was kidnapped by this band in Shanghai with two of her literary friends; one was killed at the scene of the kidnapping, the other was later reported executed at Nanking, and Ting Ling herself has simply "disappeared." Not long after this criminal act, the assassination of Yang Chien, a well known Chinese scientist, occurred. Yang became a marked man because he was the secretary of the League of Struggle for Civil Rights and was active in attempting to locate the missing Ting Ling. Even the widow of Sun Yat-Sen, the founder of the Kuomintang and a revolutionary leader of his time, was and is being threatened with violence for her efforts in the Ting Ling case, for her courageous stand in defense of the persecuted revolutionaries, and for her activities in appealing for a united struggle of the Chinese people against Japanese invasion and imperialist partition of China! A number of intellectuals, students, and revolutionary leaders have suffered the same fate as that of Ting Ling and Yang Chien. But, to the disappointment of the Kuomintang regime, this method fails to bring the desired results: the people, especially the progressive section, more militant than ever before, continue fighting.

Conditions of misery, national humiliation and subjection are the compelling forces of the people's revolt. This revolt has expressed the desire of the Chinese people for national freedom, territorial integrity, a decent standard of living, and freedom from the merciless exploitation and oppression of the feudal landlords, usurers, militarists and capitalists, both native and foreign. Any obstacle in the path of attainment will be swept away, and only the political program that satisfies the needs of the surging people will receive support.

Such a program has grown out of the experience gained in the revolutionary struggles of the past and out of the increasing influence and prestige of the class-conscious industrial workers. It is the program of the Soviets, as advanced by the Communist Party of China. The fact that the Soviet program receives the support of the masses of the Chinese people is demonstrated by their defiance of forcible suppression, demagogic deception, bloody torture and fiendish intimidation. The strength of the Soviets lies in the support of the people. The Soviets are the only political force opposing the Nanking government. This fact is conceded by Lord Lytton in his report to the League of Nations as early as 1932. Yet the existence and continuing expansion of the Soviets in China is no miracle performed by the Chinese Communists. The Soviets are an outgrowth of the social, economic and political conditions in China.

There may be differences of opinion regarding the Soviet form of government. But on one thing every open-minded person will agree—that is, that the freedom and welfare of the Chinese people must be obtained in the way that seems best to the Chinese people themselves.

The Chinese people ask nothing more than a chance to bring order out of chaos and turn poverty into plenty for the masses in China. They have already vindicated themselves of the charge of passivity. They ask only that there be no interference by foreign powers. They ask only that they be permitted to determine their own destinies in their own way.

J. F. Ho.

The Pains of Hell Got Hold on Me

I saw the haunts of wretchedness, where greed
Condemned the poor to live in constant shame;
Where women's hearts are torn—I saw them bleed—
Because their souls are seared by lust's red flame;
Where little children's faces, pinched with pain,
Held eyes that burned with dreadful mockery;
And men with spirits bent beneath life's train.
'Twas then the pains of hell got hold on me.

I saw the place where criminals are kept,
To pay the penalty reserved for those
Whose feet the path of honor overstepped;
Yet few of them had trod the way they chose.
Some turned aside because of circumstance,
And some because of life's futility,
And some because they never had a chance.
'Twas then the pains of hell got hold on me.

I saw the poor-farm, filled with derelicts;
The wayside jungles where the tramps boiled slum;
The hiring-halls, where capital rejects
The unfit laborers from those who come.
I saw a widow take a pauper's oath,
To get a meager dole of charity.
Her self respect? Her life! She can't have both!
'Twas then the pains of hell got hold on me.

And then I prayed: Great God, why must I bear
The shame of criminal and prostitute?
Why must my own heart bleed? Why must I share
The woe that stalks the starved and destitute?
And yet I knew, even before I prayed;
For I am one with all humanity.
So must I live for them, nor be afraid,
Because the pains of hell got hold on me.

E. Guy Talbott

The Man Who Played God*

Twenty-two or twenty-three years ago, there appeared in the Cosmopolitan Magazine, a short story under the authorship of a man by the name of Morris. Author Morris entitled his story "The Man Who Played God." Within recent months a motion picture was produced under the same title starring George Arliss. I am sure the thread of that narrative is sufficiently familiar to you that I do not need to repeat it here.

This morning, however, I desire to refer to a man who is much closer to our modern time than the hero of two decades ago. And in order to do that I must relate a painful, but enlightening experience. It must, of necessity, be rather personal. I am sure you will understand and bear with me.

It might never have happened, at least, for a long time to come, were it not for the fact that Marc Connelly's "The Green Pastures" is scheduled to play in our city one week hence. Of course, I should have known. All my life I have known that such conditions, as those I shall shortly describe, have obtained south of the Mason and Dixon line. But to think it could ever happen up here in Iowa! One week ago I would not have believed it. Now I know.

The advanceman had been here several days making the final preparations relative to the entertainment of the members of the cast of "The Green Pastures." It was by chance that I met him and heard his story. It was very simple and quickly told. He had just come from one of the finest hotels in our city after having been told by the manager that colored people were not welcome there as guests. So it became necessary to make other arrangements. Some place had to be found for these one hundred Negroes who were coming, shortly, to stage "the greatest play of recent years."

Well, of course, it was really none of my business. I should have listened politely to the recital of the unpleasant facts, purchased my tickets, and then gone on about my pastoral duties in the parish. But you see, I had presumed too much. I was not yet aware that such a thing could happen in my city. Down south, yes—but not here!

So it was, that my passion for social justice prompted me to make some further inquiries for myself. I went to see the manager of another hotel. I briefly told him of the situation. The Pulitzer Prize Play was to show a matinee and evening performance, and would he not appreciate the honor of having as guests in his hotel, Richard B. Harrison and his company of players? His reply was courteous but unmistakably firm. "The thing you suggest is absolutely unthinkable. I could no more allow a colored person in my hotel as a guest, than I could admit some wild animal. That is, and still retain my white patronage."

"I am afraid you do not understand," I ventured. "These people are willing and quite able to pay for their rooms. You are not asked to entertain them free of charge." His reply still being in the negative, I pressed my case one point further. "Perhaps you do not understand the implication of this situation. This man, Richard B. Harrison, is the 'Man Who Plays God.' He is not just another actor. He is more than a showman. He is an international figure. He is really a great spirit. You couldn't even make an exception in his case?"

To all of this outburst of oratory on my part, the manager of the hotel, flicking the ashes from his cigar, replied: "I'm sorry, but we just cannot do business on that score. The public is funny that way, you know."

Not to be outdone so easily, I went to a second hotel and received from its manager a similar reply. It finally registered with me that it was a fixed policy with these hotels to refuse admittance to all Negroes as guests. I should have known, of course. But I had taken too much for granted.

But the advanceman says, "the show must go on." I have since learned that they are fast approaching a "sell-out." The gentleman in charge of the ticket sales informs me that somewhere between four and five thousand people will witness the production. Meanwhile what is to be done with the cast while its members are here as "guests" in our city? Send them to the Transient Hotel? No, that is filled to capacity already. But even if there were room there, some of the residents might be offended. Why not send them to the colored hotel down on fifth street? Well, it is not very commodious and there would scarcely be room for more than a dozen persons at the most. There seems to be only one other alternative, and that is to "farm out" our distinguished guests to the colored families already living in the city. That is what is now being done.

If Buell Gallagher had told me that my city would treat the Negro as we are treating him I might have believed him. But I am more inclined to think I would have said: "What you say may be true of the folks down in Talladega, Alabama—but not so up north. We are different up here."

Well, let me tell you how different I really think we are. In the same issue of the local press which carried the life story of Richard B. Harrison, "The Man Who Plays God," as publicity for "The Green Pastures," there appears an article by a reporter of that daily—an item running something like this: "City of Churches. Davenport can boast of fifty-six churches. More than thirty denominations worship in city's edifices . . . while the worship of one God is the ultimate goal of the thousands of Davenporters who attend church, they do so in more than thirty faiths . . . so the 'stranger within the gates' of our city is never at a loss to find a particular place to worship." But there are certain strangers within our city's gates, yes, even "guests" who have difficulty in finding lodging or a place to eat a friendly meal.

This cankerous sore has been present all the while. It has been present in the body of our nation for, lo, these many years, but this recent discovery reveals it eating very close to the heart of my city. Perhaps I should not be disturbed about this, for after all, I did not create this condition. But even that does not salve my conscience in the matter.

Still one week away from the showing of "The Green Pastures" the most conservative estimates of those who hope to make money out of the show, have it that five thousand people will pay everywhere from 56c for the lowest priced matinee ticket to $2.24 for the highest priced evening ticket for a seat in the dress circle. Perhaps it is not too much to suppose that a great many, shall we say, the majority of those present that day will be church people. In a city of sixty thousand, of whom twenty thousand are said to be religious minded, that is, sympathetically inclined toward the Church and religion, if not actually affiliated with some

*An address spoken at the Edwards Congregational Church, Davenport, Iowa.

denomination—in such a city, it is quite likely that many of those who witness the play will be religious folk. I expect to be there myself.

While I have read the play many times, I have never yet witnessed it upon the stage, and I am looking forward to the occasion with a good deal of anticipation. But all the while the play is being enacted I shall be painfully conscious of a stinging indictment which right now hangs like a pall over our city. In the background of my mind will rove thoughts like these: "Richard B. Harrison, at last you are here. You are the man we have heard so much about—the 'Man Who Plays God'! Here we are, the people of a city which boasts of its churches. There are some twenty thousand of us supposed to be worshipping the same God whom you so lucidly portray to your people. Only about one-fourth of our number could get in here to see you perform, but here we are. You stir the very depths of our souls. You make us laugh and cry by turns. This is one of the finest things the theater of our generation has seen . . . We met you at the railroad station. We turned over to you the keys of the city. We fairly outdid ourselves in an attempt to make you feel at home. We welcomed you into our hearts, figuratively speaking, but, for heaven's sake, stay out of our hotels! We paid good money to have you come here. But because the Creator, whom you so faultlessly depict upon the stage, gave you dark pigment for your skin, instead of white like some of the rest of us, we were willing to send you for lodging, to the lowest hovel on Fifth street. We were willing because of public sentiment, to force you to eat your meals in a place from which the most common laborer would justifiably turn away in disgust. You are a great man on the stage. You are an internanational figure. You play 'De Lawd' as no one of your race can play the part. But we just couldn't treat you decently. Folks are funny that way, you know.

"But, Mr. Harrison, please do not be misled into thinking we mean anything harsh by all this. Can't you see we are trying to manifest the Christian spirit? . . . the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God . . . He hath made of one blood all nations . . . if you and your people insist upon it, of course, we could welcome you into our churches, but, please stay out of our hotels!"

With a slight stretch of the imagination I hear that grand old man of seventy-two years, with silvery white hair, saying in return: "What you do to me and my people speaks so loudly I cannot hear a word you are saying." Oh, but Richard B. Harrison is too magnanimous a soul to say a thing like that! He wouldn't even twit us about our narrow selfishness and bigotry. His heart is too busy pulsating for his people to quicken its beat in hot resentment against the injury we have inflicted upon him and them.

But, come, come, this is no way to spend an evening at the theater. Philosophizing over some imaginary injustice, will not, after all, change the complexion of things very much. At least, not in a practical age like this. A practical age like this! I wonder. While this thing we are about to do to Richard B. Harrison and his company is a blight upon our churches and a travesty upon religion, I must someway square my soul with 'The Man Who Plays God'!

"Mr. Harrison, you don't know it yet, but I would pay to have you come into my home. And if you will accept the invitation, you will come not as a curio or a freak from a side-show. But you will come as 'The Man Who Plays God.' You will come as a brother. No less than a dozen of my people told me last Sunday morning after the service, if you and your people were in need of places to stay while you were in the city, I was to let them know. Similar offers of kind hospitality have come during these last days from many quarters.

"But meanwhile, you have no way of knowing all this, and how can I make amends for the wrong which I know in advance will be done to you before ever you set foot in our fair city? Yes, I know we will welcome you into the city. That's what the billboards says. But there is something else they do not say: 'Please stay out of our hotels!' Oh, 'Man Who Plays God,' I make reparation to you for the wrongs that have been done you and your people in the name of public sentiment. Please forgive us for what we are going to do to you next Sunday afternoon as you arrive here. As yet, we don't seem to know any better. It is we who are ignorant. Pray God, whom you represent, that the scales may be removed from our eyes. Implore Him to enlighten our minds, soften our hearts and so quicken our understanding that soon shall come to an end this abominable atrocity which we so glibly excuse in the name of 'public sentiment.' And while all this is coming to pass, Mr. Harrison,—for surely it will come to pass one day—it may help some to remember there was One, the son of a carpenter, who 'had not where to lay His head.' They said the same things about Him. They did some of the same things to Him. 'Public sentiment' was against Him, too. They wouldn't let Him in their hotels, either. But, no matter, Mr. Harrison, little by little the light will break.

"And so, I am 'begging your pardon, with a shattered soul' for the wrong we plan to do you next Sunday evening—on the Lord's Day, at that. The key to the city is being polished, I understand, just for that special occasion. I don't know that it has been used much since the time Col. Chas. Lindbergh was here. But it will be tendered you when you come. And you will have a smile on your face, like the Christian gentleman that you are; while your heart will ache, I have no doubt. But just try and remember to please stay out of our hotels. People are funny that way."

It ought, in all fairness, to be said in this connection, that we cannot blame the managers of these hotels. That is, not too much. Their hands are tied, so they say, by the iron-clad policies adopted by most hotels in this section of the country and many others. It would take a long time to change "public sentiment," they feel. After all, it would be far better to "not get mixed up in a mess like that." Better just stick to "preaching a harmless gospel." (Spare the term.)

Here is something, my friends, which ought to provide concern for a local Council for Social Action. If the hotel management were the only factor concerned the problem would be comparatively simple. Unfortunately, such is not the case. A young man of my acquaintance was an eye-witness of the following disgraceful episode in this city. A young negro walked into a drug store and asked for a glass of water. The soda fountain clerk filled a glass with water, and passing it over the counter said, "That'll cost you a nickel, because I'll have to break the glass after you get through drinking out of it." Still another. A colored man stopped at a soda fountain asking for a drink. The young clerk behind the counter had a heart and a tender conscience, but he was under orders. "I'm sorry, sir,

but I can't serve you." "Oh, that's all right. I understand." The colored man has pretty well learned his place assigned him by the whites.

Dr. Arthur E. Holt, chairman of the Council for Social Action, tells the following: "The scene is the dining room of a large hotel in the South. The occasion is a campaign for funds for five causes active during the World War—the two Christian Associations, the Knights of Columbus, the Red Cross, and the Jewish Charities. The workers in the drive met each day in this hotel for lunch together, to sum up their totals and make reports. The colored people engaged in this same drive, were, of course, not allowed in the dining room. They were sending their reports in each day by telephone. All were busy 'saving the world for democracy' and making their city a safe place in which to live. It would doubtless be unfair to say that all consciences were comfortable under it, but it was none other than a Jewish Rabbi, George Fox, who jumped to his feet and said: 'Mr. Chairman, it irks me to sit here using these phrases about saving the world for democracy and know that right here at home there are Negroes not allowed in this hotel. I observe that we are planning to use their money, all right. I move you, Mr. Chairman, that beginning tomorrow noon, the Negroes engaged in this campaign be invited to have places here at these tables with us and make their reports in person just as we are doing now.' Somebody supported the motion, and it was voted with an enthusiasm which anticipated Armistice morning."

If we are really sincere in trying to make an impact upon our city in the realm of social righteousness, right here, it seems to me, would be a fine place to start with a Council for Social Action. We Congregationalists have rather prided ourselves upon the fact that we have gone farther in the field of social justice and Christian economics than some others. The Oberlin resolutions adopted last June at our General Council, drew a lot of fire all over the country, principally in the industrial areas because of the clause which had to do with the elimination of the profit motive in industry. On the other hand, the Council had many backers and will continue to have them. But here is a challenge to which *no* denomination in this city can close its eye. Here is a platform broad enough so that every one of the fifty-six churches in our city could have some contribution to make for the common good.

Here, if I mistake not, would be a most opportune time to "show by our works" whether we mean business or not in the field of race relations. Surely there are more than "a dozen righteous people in this city" who are willing to proffer the hospitality of their homes in caring for the cast of "The Green Pastures." That number could be multiplied many times with those whose sense of humanity and decency cries out against the wrongs we do those who by every right are our brothers.

If the world-friendship committees in our various churches, Christian Associations, civic clubs, together with other humanitarian and philanthropic organizations would like to take a forward step and strike a blow at this hydra-headed monster, now would be that time. We have lamented the fact of our divided interests. We have bemoaned our latent concern for a united appeal to those outside the church to join our ranks and help us do a big job. Well, here is the job. Will we do it?

WALTER HORACE UPTON.

The Reconstruction of the Church for the Reconstruction of Civilization

It ought not to be hard to prove to an unbiased mind that agencies for spiritual regeneration are of far greater importance than political parties and governmental agencies. Socialists and Communists contend that the general run of human beings follow what they consider to be their selfish economic interests. But what if everybody were to do so? What a difference it would have made in the world's history had St. Francis, Luther, Wesley, Sir John Eliot, and the Pilgrim Fathers followed the lead of their economic interest? What if Marx, Bebels, Liebnecht, Prudhoun, Tolstoy, Kropotkin, and Lenin had followed the law of economic determinism and let the peasants and proletariat shift for themselves? Why did those men hate injustice and oppression? Why did Mussolini desert the cause of which he had as good an intellectual understanding as any of those whom he afterwards martyred for it? There was in the man a fundamental spiritual difference. You may convince a man of the advisability of accepting a certain political or economic platform but by so doing you do not make him kindly, generous and dependable. When Mussolini was a left-wing revolutionary Socialist he was the same sort of man that he is today—arrogant, force-minded, and cruel.

This and not the law of economic determinism is the true key to history. The course of the world towards betterment is shaped by the men who are spiritual rebels against the selfish interests of their class. Always there appears on the scene a Moses who refuses to be called the son of a princess, and prefers to suffer with the slaves rather than to enjoy the profits of their slavery; and the upward course of human development is determined by the size and energy of that minority of spiritually enlightened men and women. Some of us are interested in old-age pension plans and in other measures of social justice and security. The enactment of those measures must depend upon the spiritual preparation which has been made in the hearts of the people. In that lies all our hope for any genuine advance in human brotherhood.

But the visible church formed to be the agency for imparting and developing this essential spiritual life has for a long time been a dismal failure. Originally designed to be the forward-urging force of the world, it has been for centuries the world's greatest backward-pulling agency. Of course there have been some glorious exceptions, but no institution is to be judged by the exceptions which it produces. In the struggle against the tyranny of kings the church has usually been on the side of the kings, as it was on the side of the slave-owner against the slave. In fact in all conservative circles this is taken for granted. That is why there is such consternation among hosts of respectable people today because there are indications that the ablest and most scholarly of the clergy show signs of returning to the original position of the church and are taking up the cause of the dispossessed and ex-

ploited masses against their oppressors. They represent the cream of their profession; and when the Corvallis *Gazette-Times* and the Albany *Herald* loudly demand that those responsible for selecting the preachers of baccalaureate sermons shall secure only those who are free from the taints of Socialism and pacifism, they demand in reality that the selections be either pulpit gymnasts of the Billy Sunday type or sermonic anaesthetists of which everybody is already pretty sick.

It is ages since the church began to change its emphasis from right living to right believing. Let it be acknowledged, in all candor, that right believing is of essential importance. If a man believes that it is quite right for him to get the better of his neighbor, he is likely to practice that belief. Ideals are but dominant beliefs. But if the spirit be right, if there be a readiness and willingness to do justly and love mercy, it will be easier to find the truth—all the truth that is essential to good living. It has been found that a selfishly disposed world is always more willing to accept what is difficult to believe rather than what is difficult to do, and as the church withdrew from the rather difficult practice of brotherhood, it became more and more other-worldly, more and more interested in the mysterious and the unknowable. It also grew more ascetic and come to accept gloom as the atmosphere of holiness, and gladness and beauty as savoring of irreligion. It finally became so utterly pagan in its practice that it tortured men to death in order to make them accept what it called a Christian creed. In the middle of the last century, the bulk of the Christian churches looked with horror upon dancing and card-playing, while they tolerated in their mmbership men who sold their own mulatto children on the block as they would cattle. And this state of affairs came about in order that an utterly un-Christian world might maintain the church in a position of power.

In our day there has come a great ferment in the whole religious world, and both the creeds and the practice of the church have been undergoing a searching scrutiny. As a consequence no intelligent members of any protestant denomination are able to state what really worth while objective their denomination stands for. They can tell you what they wish it stood for, and what certain elements in it stand for, but not the definite purpose of the entire sect. I refer in particular to the great social and moral issues that stir the hearts of mankind. Some few sects that are rigidly Fundamentalist can give you the objectives of their churches, which deal with after-death concerns, and they have a hard time convincing themselves that they take such matters seriously. Their whole attitude towards the present world belies their professed creeds. The laity of such churches usually join them as they join a lodge. It is the respectable and business-like thing to do. Some of the ecclesiastical leaders try to trump up some enthusiasm for "the fine old traditions," but they fool very few. What is the matter? Who will deliver the church from the body of this death?

The whole set-up is wrong, and the set-up is due to a wrong spirit. The over-head expense of the church keeps it in bondage. It calls for too much expensive preaching and too little application of the preaching. A good deal of the preaching lacks prophetic vision and fire because it is not free. The machinery of the church requires the support of all the people it can get, particularly those of wealth, and therefore it cannot afford to alienate purses. It may pass fine-sounding resolutions in conventions, but not much can be heard about such resolutions from those pulpits which preach to people who could really give effect to those resolutions. This is not an indictment of the clergy, for most of them are faced with the question, "Shall I say what I think about this matter, split my church in pieces, perhaps ruin it and ruin my opportunity for further work in the church, or shall I act on the discreet maxim that 'he who fights and runs away may live to fight another day'?" It is not an heroic course, but most of those who criticize the clergy are not very heroic themselves.

The revolutionary element in the church is altogether right. The world needs, as perhaps never before, a church that is the embodiment of the united, liberating, spiritual elements of the community. The reorganization of the church for the reconstruction of civilization as the Kingdom of God on earth would be the great historic event of the age, perhaps of all ages.

How can this be brought about? It will not do to send out the call, "Come out from among them." That way has been tried more than a hundred times, and each time has resulted in one more sectarian division. Nor will it do to pick out some existing denomination as the most promising one around which to rally. None could be agreed upon! It seems to me that the church can be reconstructed in much the same way that it was first begun. It was not organized as a sect opposed to the Jewish church. It made what use of the synagogue it could. Although we have the handicap of trying to deal with a chaotically divided body, let us form what may be called the United Free Church Fellowship, an organization with definite principles and aims, owing allegiance to no particular church, yet not interfering with membership in any church any more than does a temperance or a peace society.

The emphasis in such a fellowship would be on the practice of brotherhood, and on beliefs only as they were directly related to such practice. In the matter of self-devotion, it would be as exacting in its demands as the Communist Party or any other organization of enthusiasts. Its members would be made to feel their share of responsibility for the whole wide world of humanity.

Undoubtedly it would begin with a comparatively small membership; and if all were to join who are at present intellectually and spiritually fitted, it would probably not number more than one per cent of the entire population of this or any country. But it would be an influential minority—the spiritual aristocracy of the non-Catholic world—and it would probably be able to shape the policy of the denominations which enroll the majority of Protestants, besides enrolling many religious thinkers outside the membership of any church.

In the past the weakness of all such undenominational religious ventures has been that they have had little of the practice of brotherhood, of mutual support and helpfulness among the members. There has also been a tendency in such movements to display too much of the mechanical and political attitude, and too little of the spiritual mind. There is a prevalent heresy which believes that all that humanity needs is the right kind of political and economic machinery—just a new social set-up! The deadly heresy of the church, the beloved heresy of Big Business, is that nothing should be done that meddles with the set-up, but that men should aim for a better working spirit to make use of the old institutions and usages. Our new religious alignment will ferment a new wine which will not be

wasted by being put into old bottles. It will exemplify both a new organic spirit and a new social set-up. This plan, it seems to me, offers a cure for the world's ills. It is a simple plan. Wesley and others tried it with partial success; but they were to a great extent tied to the old conception of the other-world mission of the church.

Today organized Christianity stands helplessly watching the drift of civilization towards Fascist paganism and universal war, tied as it is by its internal sectarian dissensions and by its mortgage indebtedness to the world of selfish wealth to pay for its expensive up-keep. Ours is a plan for a receivership both for the church and for civilization. The greatest obstacle to the success of such a movement is the sectarian spirit which still binds many otherwise free-spirited men. Protestantism, even at its best, is still sadly sectarian-minded, and all the less defensible when sectarianism is so utterly insincere and factitious.

What should be the logical attitude of the free-minded minister towards such a movement? In most cases there would be no necessity for his leaving his church. As a member of the Fellowship, he would have its cooperation in bringing about needed changes and in providing a constructive leadership and a united front. The movement will avoid the expense of the mechanics of organization, and thus discourage the ambitions of the careerist. There will be no large salaries. It will make every practical use of the talents of its lay members and create an enthusiasm for free service. It will have its clergy—its prophets, its inspirational lecturers, its educational directors—but it will not forget that the everyday practice of fraternity is its chief concern. Such clergy will generally have some other occupation, as is the rule among the Mormons and several other sects. Those who devote all of their time to such work will be itinerant superintendents with a large supporting constituency.

As much as possible, the movement will do its educational work through churches and kindred organizations. Thus it will gradually root out sectarianism, absorb the church and mould it according to its own pattern. It will ultimately unify the free religious forces of the community and bring into existence everywhere the United Free Church.

Its regular fellowship meetings will be held in private, the privacy of family life, for the purpose of discussing opportunities and the duties of the hour, and of inspiriting and counseling its members. To these meetings the members will be expected and encouraged to bring their difficulties, to obtain advice and real assistance. Besides these private meetings for the members, there will be regular public meetings for the dissemination of the principles and ideals of the movement.

This fellowship will teach a religion of freedom, not of compulsion; a socially-minded individualism, giving spirit to a free and cooperative way of living. In its teaching concerning personal morality, it will be the same as primitive Christian morality which was not a code. It will follow the principle, "Let no man judge you in matters of eating and drinking, or in respect of a feast day or of a sabbath day," but "Whatsoever ye do, whether ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God," and the glory of God means the enrichment and strengthening of human life. Shall I take a drink of beer? Shall I smoke? Who shall act as my guardian in the matter? That must rest with my conscience. Each man himself must be the judge. In that, as in all other cases, the important thing is not the making of new codes and usages, but the development of that type of character which will make good living the thing most prized by all.

In this the words of Emerson seem eminently wise:

> Laws and institutions are not superior to the citizen; every one of them was once the act of a single soul; every law and usage was a man's expedient to meet a particular case; they are all imitable, all alterable; we may make as good, we may make better. The law is only a memorandum. The populace will think that your rejection of popular standards is a rejection of all standards. The bold sensualist will use the name of your philosophy to gild his crimes. But the law of consciousness abides. Each has his own stern claims and perfect circles, which deny the name of duty to many offices that are called duties. If any one imagines that this law is lax, let him keep its commandment one day.

Where and when and how shall we begin this movement? Let us begin where we are, each in his own community; let us begin now to find kindred free spirits with whom we can co-operate in forming a little company. Let none of us take up such an enterprise as an escape from the rough struggle of life. Let us rather consider that we are joining with others in establishing centers of sanity, enlightenment, and kindliness. Nobody has a copyright on this plan which is the way all good movements have begun, notwithstanding the popular notion that things worth while begin in elaborate offices in sky-scrapers and with an expensive office force.

This has been called "the American Age." The whole world has been more or less Americanized, and everything good or bad on earth we in America possess, usually in a preeminent degree. We have a greater proportion of people who possess an intelligent understanding of the need of internationalism and world peace, and more irrational, pagan-minded nationalists and jingo militarists than any other nation; more social restraint and willing self-sacrifice for the common good, and more crime, racketeering, and organized anti-social activities; more intelligent organized religious life and more religion that has been prostituted to the service of the mountebank, the politician, and the plunderer. Therefore, upon the people of religious enlightenment in the United States and Canada devolves the duty of organizing the free religious life of the nation in its various communities in order that, through its reconstruction of the spiritual, social and economic life of the community, a new civilization may be born.

ERNEST M. WHITESMITH.

Ex-Soldier

Some fifteen years ago I killed a man.
He had not done me any injury,
The uniform he wore was not like mine
And so I held he was an enemy.
And he loved life as I did, treasured it
His one possession in a place of hell,
Miraculously it was left to him
Despite the menace of each bursting shell.

And then, because a shrilling whistle blew,
He must go forth and hazard it again,
Risk it before the trench line, brandish it,
A sorry target for some other men.
What did it profit him, or me, or God,
Or any country, when I killed him then?

GERTRUDE HAHN.

Treading the Tobacco Road

When the curtain rose on the squalor of *Tobacco Road* over a year ago on Forty-Eighth Street in New York, Broadway's sophisticated critics were shocked. They not only saw poverty as it appears in the back places of Georgia, but they saw a cast which was dressed for the occasion and which acted the part. Their language, sprinkled freely with oaths and concerning sex in the raw, didn't fit well with the dress clothes of the first-nighters. None of them could see much future for this play written by Jack Kirkland, and based on the novel of Erskine Caldwell.

But the actors are still treading the Tobacco Road. It is the only non-musical play besides *Doddsworth* to carry over from last year. Somehow, the lure of the hideous together with an evening of good entertainment, is keeping the play alive, and since the author is now in Hollywood, it will undoubtedly go into moving pictures. Probably the real explanation for its success is the fact that it is intrinsically a depression play without being intended as such. Unlike *1931* of the Siftons or *We the People* by Elmer Rice, there is no attempt to propagandize or preach. Jeeter Lester, the dissolute father, comprehends that the rich people of Augusta have something to do with his serfdom, but he doesn't exhort his neighbors to organize and march upon their landlords. Someone has said that from a Marxist point of view *Tobacco Road* is valueless because there is no strike scene in it. One may be annoyed at the remnants of the Lester family that are still at home, but one cannot help but be still more annoyed at a social order which tolerates such abject poverty. Subconsciously everyone must feel that they too are treading the Tobacco Road with these poor buried Anglo Saxons.

There are two ways to look upon poverty. One is that it is inevitable—"the poor ye shall have with ye always." The other way, is that it can be cured. The End Poverty movement may be outvoted as it was in California, but sociologically it is sound. Where the stock is inferior, we know that it can be eliminated by less inbreeding, by eugenics and by sterilization. Where the environment is to blame, that too can be controlled. We must remember that eleven of the Lester children left home and became self-supporting. What we see in the play is the home in dissolution—the parents with age and pain heavy on their backs, and the two remaining children, abnormal. The critics who called these people pigs, savages, human animals and hangdog and hookworm set, were striking out blindly at a condition which might be fairly common some time in many homes. Brooks Atkinson said, "it is the grossest episode ever put on the stage . . . never has it (the stage) sheltered a fouler or more degenerate parcel of folks than the hardscrabble family of Lester."

In dealing with poverty, some content themselves with the fiction that a Thanksgiving basket will fill the bill. They see *Mrs. Wiggs in the Cabbage Patch* on the screen and leave the moving picture house believing that poverty isn't so bad. Mister Bob shows up at the psychological moment and they all live happily ever after, except Jim. But the Lesters have no lady bountiful to lift their mortgage or fill their stomachs. A faint ray of hope crosses the dusty road when the son of Captain Bob comes along with a stranger. It looks like the first crop in seven years would now be financed and then the mother, Ada, could get that new dress, and the old car could be fixed up for hauling wood, and all could eat without first stealing the food. But the dream suddenly vanished as the stranger turns out to be a banker who orders the family out of the ramshackle cabin. Captain John, who had dropped the people where he found them, when sharecropping became unprofitable, was no longer around to tell his son what to do. Even God, the perfect representation of Southern paternalism was remiss. Last time when He was asked to help mother Ada's pleurisy, He didn't help much, but Jeeter in his dilemma risks the assertion that "God won't stand for such cheating much longer."

The new God of the people of *Tobacco Road,* unrecognized by them, is really the government at Washington. They put signs on their soil-washed land, "Jesus Saves," but it is the Conservation Camp boys who erect barriers to really save the land. The play offers no solution to the problem, and it shouldn't, but lest we despair of final outcomes, it should be observed that the Bankhead Bill in Congress provided a cash income to those cotton farmers who cut down on their acreage. It has brought on a little "boom," but unfortunately the sharecropper, white and black, sees little of it. Their hope lies in the scheme described by Assistant Secretary M. L. Wilson, for the buying of submarginal lands by the government and the use of the soil for a forest crop or something which will pay.

A still more hopeful solution lies in the large-scale planning as in the T. V. A. where thousands of acres and many miles of Tobacco Roads are integrated into a single unit of planning. Under the new system, both Jeeter, who wanted to remain on the land, and his daughters who wanted to go and work in a cotton mill, would have their desire. Farm and factory is to be linked so that the ambitions of people may lead to an integrated economic life rather than its dissolution. Children could have their clothes and their travel and the aged need not necessarily wander off into the sedge to die as did Grandmother Lester. Sex adjustments could be made under the aegis of the community mind and with a wider range of selectivity. The old individualism which got everyone into trouble will be exchanged for an intelligent and non-paternalistic leadership. Slaves cannot be freed without also untying their hands. It didn't work for the blacks, nor will it for the poor whites. People who have always been exploited must first be trained to manage their own destinies.

After seeing the play, and after reading the harsh criticisms of those whom Elmer Rice calls "bulwarks of the commercial theatre . . . pandering to the tastes of the empty headed, the bored and the insensitive," an English woman wrote a letter to the editor of the New York *Times.* In it she pointed out that the play is an honest endeavor to portray reality and is an acid criticism of ourselves. "Why," she asks, "will one sit through the dirty innuendo and indecencies of sophisticated comedies, and not object . . . Is it that we don't mind anything so long as it wears dress clothes?" One feels that she is right, and that after all, the Lester family could teach something about frankness and rugged honesty to Broadway. If civilization would do as she suggests, and use the play as a critique of itself, probably a great deal of progress could be made toward the cure of crime and unemployment and an improvement in the care of the aged, the deformed and other maladjusted persons in society. In the stark reality of

this play, civilization can see itself as it might become, and do something intelligent to save itself.

We can be grateful to Mr. Caldwell for this picture upon which we should look as intently as we view a Millet which we have traveled miles to see. Art must come to the rescue of humanity. We are in the balance and anything might happen. Some think that our social system today is being endangered by the criticism of young radicals, just as the ramshackle house of Lester was imperiled by the chunkin of the ball of young Dude against its warped and splitting weatherboarding. Others believe that the old dwelling must be razed before we can get modern ones with electric refrigeration and cooking, and a social system which equals in intelligence the skills of science. When the curtain falls, the audience leaves the theatre with a sense of reality of life's conflicts, conflicts more modern and more humanistic than those appearing in *Green Pastures*. What will they do about it? Will they grasp the social intelligence of the ages, or will they, like Dude, get an automobile horn with automobile attached to speed us on to ruin?

HAROLD P. MARLEY.

The Study Table

A Plea for Utopia

Here* are outlined a dozen or more "Utopias" all the way from Plato and Isaiah, down to date. There should be many such books and everyone should read them. That which marks off the human species from all others is the capacity to plan futures nobler and richer than the past or the present, and, having planned, to execute. To make what should be in the place of what is: that it is to be man, the child of the Creator. We have come fully to realize this when we work on a small scale. No builder would think of putting up an important building or laying a bridge across a river, without blue prints covering every detail even. But when it comes to the vastly more important matter of building a state and laying out an ordered human society we leave it largely to accident; or if some group of idealists does work out a constitution which works fairly well, we tend to worship it and condemn any who would try to better it.

But from age to age great planners of richer and nobler humanity do appear; and John Whitman has brought together glimpses of the greatest of these, together with a valuable summary and prophecy of his own, or—since many of us know and admire his wife Eleanor Wood Whitman—I should say, a prophecy worked out by the two of them. The series of Utopias summarized includes not merely Plato's "Republic," More's "Utopia," Bacon's "New Atlantis," and Capanella's "City of the Sun," but earns our gratitude by including Robert Owen's "New Lanark," "The Brook Farm Community" and ideals presented by Henry George, Bellamy, H. G. Wells and others.

"Stellaria—Utopia Found" presents no Messianic World handed out to man on a silver platter, but one which may be had by man—"the master of machines," by the intelligent use of his own powers and guided by that deepest creative impulse within us which we may call God.

This is a book which is needed and should be widely read.

JESSE H. HOLMES

A New Edition of the New Testament

The one thing to be said about this volume** is the great thing—that it is the most beautiful edition of the Bible for popular use that we have ever seen, or ever expect to see. If there was ever a triumph of the book-maker's art, this is it. The smooth, clean paper—the exquisite type—the distinctive form and fashion of the printed page, and the chaste and flexible covers—these and other qualities move the heart like the sight of a lovely painting. Devotion went into this book, and great skill, and flawless taste.

This first volume contains the text of the first two Gospels. The Authorized Version has been selected—wisely, as we think, for there is nothing to compare with it from the literary point of view. But the appearance of this version has been wholly modernized—prose printed in prose paragraphs, poetry in poetic stanzas, marginal notes and references omitted, and chapter and verse numbers placed only at the top of the pages. In an appendix are gathered corrections of the Authorized Version when this went wrong. The whole comprises a well-nigh perfect piece of work. We have added it to our library as a precious treasure.

This new edition of the New Testament will be completed in three more volumes. When these are published, we hope that the editors will turn to the Old Testament and glorify this in the same way. Surely, we must have all the Scriptures in this matchless form!

J. H. H.

Oliver Protector

England's Cromwell, democratic dictator and Napoleon of the Puritan Revolution, gallops triumphantly across Mr. John Buchan's pageant pages in an epic drama whose theme is the downfall of thrones and altars and whose background is seventeenth century Europe. That this man's shadow still overhangs the world makes such evocation particularly poignant; nor can we do better than rehearse those lineaments of brave Oliver that Mr. Buchan (following Firth, Gardiner, Lord Morley, and Carlyle) has displayed in his dynamic dramatization of England's tumult. Far superior both in plan and execution to Hilaire Belloc's recent spectacle (if less rich in military maneuvers and religious ruminations), this production is done in the dramatist's swift, soldierly fashion, marshalling a wealth of detail—we shall attempt conveying somewhat of it to our readers, with full knowledge that we are likely to do it the most imperfect justice.

Preluded by an overture whose motif is paradox (eternal keynote of Cromwell's career), evoking vividly post-Renaissance Britain, our composer's protagonist advances with swift but measured tread; and, once

*Utopia Dawns. By John Pratt Whitman. The Gorham Press, Boston, Mass. $2.00.

**"The New Testament," edited by M. R. James. Vol. I, "St. Matthew and St. Mark." Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.00.

Oliver Cromwell. By John Buchan. Houghton, Mifflin, 1934. $4.50. Cromwell. By Hilaire Belloc. Lippincott, 1934. $4.00.

more, for the *n*th time, Oliver's age-old career enacts itself upon this most portentous of all stages—emergent England, cloven asunder by controversy towards an approaching Armageddon between King and Gentry; Squire Oliver's youth and marriage; the religio-political autocracy of Laud and Strafford; collapse of this kingly despotism on the heels of Scottish invasion; the Long Parliament; the fall of Strafford and the King's attempt on the Five Members; the first clash of arms at Hull, heralding the opening of civil war; Marston Moor; Cromwell's creation of the Puritan phalanx; its thunderous triumph at Naseby; a sinister interlude of royal intrigues and negotiations; the second civil war, ending in catastrophe for the King—and the axe at Whitehall, whose reverberations shattered Charles I's aspirations and made Oliver Cromwell (scourge of Ireland and Scotland at Drogheda and Dunbar) Lord Protector of three kingdoms and Dictator for the Realm. Such are the first outlines of this overpowering drama; but their mere enumeration does not begin to describe it.

Armed Puritanism, mustering under its standard all sorts and conditions of men and opinions, raising north-east England in the Parliament's name, arrays itself solidly behind its invincible Warlord against the forces of Anglicanism marshalled by Charles I, King of the southwest and Wales—the issue is now joined for an onset which shook to their foundations thrones, principalities, and powers throughout the world; whose echoes yet thrill the latest age as, one by one, monarchies totter to their destruction, and, from their ruins, rises Phoenix-like the fantasm of Dictatorship, triumphant transiently both at home and abroad. Across the path of Hitler, Mussolini, and even Roosevelt, therefore, lies the shadow of Cromwell, whose Protectorate, erected upon the ashes of empire, stands, aloof and challenging, defying Sphynxlike these modern impresarios to plumb the riddle of its failures. . . A play for the times, in short; and in poetry, pageantry, grouping, lighting, shading, in mass movement and apotheosis of perfection, it is in every respect worthy of its subject.

And what a subject! First and last, the personality of Oliver Protector dominates the whole. Milton, Marvell, Cowley, Baxter, Thomas Cromwell, Ireton, Holles, Haselrigg, Vane, Thurloe, Monk, Lambert, Pride, Pym, Hampden, Eliot, Fox, Bradshaw, Fleetwood, Harrison, Selden, amongst the Roundheads; Charles I, Henrietta Marie, Laud, Falkland, Wentworth, Waller, Rupert, Strafford for the Cavaliers—these, and many more, help swell the supporting cast and make it glisten and sparkle like an arras of shot silk. But, after all, England's greatest cavalry commander, "compound of seething forces," towers above them all; and, even plainer than in Lord Morley's stately spectacle, we view him whole: mystic emotionalist ever on the verge of tears, and plain-spoken practical country squire; tender-hearted lover of universal toleration, and iron-fisted crusher of kings; stubborn soldier and inspired saint; law-giver and priest; democratic dictator and simple seeker after salvation;—with his "invincible candor," "his brooding power and the sense of slumbering flames," his "stern face, roughened by weather and lined by care, transformed into a strange beauty," his "ready sympathy and great good will." All of which notwithstanding, eulogy nevertheless remains a synonym for philosophic overstatement: and if, as Mr. Buchan avers at closing, "across the centuries Oliver speaks to us strangely in the accents of today," ourselves, we must confess, can give him but a deaf ear, since those accents, all too pertinent to our present day dilemma, can only summon us inexorably down the way of doom to that *Fata Morgana* of the French Revolution, proscriptions en masse, and the dictatorship.

ROBERT C. SCHALLER

Portrait of a Hero

It is May twenty-third 1865. The Civil War is over, and the Army of the East is passing in a final grand review along the streets of Washington and before its president. The long, serpentine column of men in blue, one hundred thousand strong, moves up Pennsylvania Avenue toward the capitol. Just ahead, now, is the reviewing platform holding the president, his cabinet, generals and ambassadors. Suddenly, a horse breaks from the carefully marshalled ranks. It is running away, and astride it, golden curls streaming to the wind, sits a man whom no horse has ever outwitted before. Rider and charger flash by the stand, hoofs beating a panic rhythm. They pass the grandstand with its distinguished assemblage

. . . at a hard run. The yelling is not for the Army of the Potomac now. It is personal at last! It proclaims the glory of one man, of George Armstrong Custer, who, beyond the stand, masters his rebellious steed and amid wilder cheering, gallops back to his place in the line.

The whole man, (continues Van Der Water), with his flaws and flairs is epitomized in that dash. He has been, he will ever be, prone to spectacular outbursts against ordered regularity; insurgent in his hunt for Glory. That runaway is at once his biography and his epitaph.

All his life Glory smiled and beckoned him onward, until, on that last red Sabbath by the Little Big Horn, she wrought his death. From the time when a child of four in New Rumley he exclaimed to his father, "you and me can whip all the Whigs in Ohio," until he led his troop of two hundred and fifty north along the "Little Horn" against unnumbered Sioux, she stood at his side. And in the years between, when Custer, the rebellious, flirted with expulsion from West Point; when he, at twenty-three, sky-rocketed from an obscure and untried first lieutenantcy of regular cavalry to a brigadier-generalship of volunteers; at Brandy Station; at Trevilian Station; when he scourged the Shenandoah free from "Mosby's Men"; when he "edited" Merritt's orders at Five Forks; and when he blindly charged the trains at Lynchburg;—at these countless other times Glory and her fairest handmaiden, Luck, rode with him. After Appomattox, when he thought she had left him for a while, he cast his eager eyes south of the Rio Grande and thought she might be marching with the Mexican Army of Liberation. For her the stigma of court martial in 1867; for her the slaughter at the Washita; for love of her the disgrace and disappointments of the Belknap investigation; and for her he died by Montana's ruddy buttes.

It is Van Der Water's difficult task to crystalize the fact and eliminate the fiction; span the years of controversy, and present an accurate picture of America's most romantic general, and he does it well. If "the white chief with the yellow hair" loses some of that glory he sought so passionately, it is not because the author deliberately tries to take it from him; but because the truth would have it so.

LYLE CORS.

"Glory-Hunter: A Life of General Custer" by Frederick F. Van Der Water. Published by Bobbs Merrill, Indianapolis; 394 pages; illustrated.

The Field

(*Continued from page 42*)

inauspicious to liberty, and are to be regarded as particularly hostile to republican liberty." Jefferson once said: "I am not for a standing army in time of peace, which may over-awe the public sentiment." Other great Americans, including Hamilton and Franklin, have given expression to similar attitudes. This admirable American antipathy for the manifestations of militarism deserves to be carefully nourished, not threatened, at this time when militaristic fascism jeopardizes democratic procedure everywhere.

Indeed, it is our reasoned conclusion that these considerations not only justify us in petitioning you to oppose such measures as have been proposed for the purpose of increasing the military nature of the C. C. C. but that they also justify us in petitioning you to urge upon Congress to take steps to terminate all War Department participation in the C. C. C. and to make it what you and Mr. Fechner have purported it to be, namely, a distinctly civilian enterprise. During the critical early days of your Administration it may have been necessary to rely upon War Department personnel and organization to launch successfully the C. C. C. project. But with the passing of the more serious phase of the crisis, it seems to us, the administration and control of the C. C. C. might well be returned and strictly limited to civilian leadership while, on the other hand, the War Department should be relieved of occupation with such a non-military function so that its personnel may devote their full time to such responsibilities of technical military defense as may ordinarily rest upon them. If changes in the character of the C. C. C. are to be made, it seems to us, they should be in the direction of building it up into a highly trained force of forestry professionals, possibly under the joint jurisdiction of the Division of Forestry of the Department of Agriculture and the National Park Service of the Department of Interior, and entirely free from every taint or suggestion of military control or administration.

Respectfully yours,

DEVERE ALLEN,

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK,

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES,

and many other clergymen and educators.

Liberal Thought and Moscow Terror

John LaFarge, S. J.

For the first time in the history of the Soviet regime what is termed liberal thought in the United States has collectively expressed doubt as to the complete idealism of the rulers of Moscow. The letter of protest against the recent mass executions in Russia sent on January 18 to Alexander A. Troyanovsky, Soviet Ambassador to the United States, in behalf of the International Committee for Political Prisoners, was signed by such well-known personages as Roger N. Baldwin, Prof. George S. Counts, of Teachers College, Columbia University; Arthur Garfield Hays, Elmer Rice, John Dewey, Eduard C. Lindeman, Sinclair Lewis, Lewis S. Gannett, John Haynes Holmes, Prof. Robert Morss Lovett of the University of Chicago; James H. Maurer, former president of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor, and Charles Edward Russell, of Washington. Practically all of these men have been known for their frequent endorsement in word and in writing, of the present Russian system. The mass executions that called forth the protest were 118 in number, and followed the assassination of Sergei Kirov, close associate of Joseph Stalin and Communist party leader in Leningrad. The accused were shot down without trial, and were given a blanket accusation of being "White Guardists."

Wrote the committee to Mr. Troyanovsky:

> The conclusion is inescapable that the action was taken for its restraining effect on internal opposition, not because of proved offenses by the accused. Such exemplary punishment of persons themselves innocent of crime is universally condemned.

Mr. Troyanovsky invited the committee to confer with him personally, which they did on February 11 at the Soviet Consulate in New York, but according to Mr. Baldwin, chairman of the committee, the Ambassador failed to produce "facts" that would justify the killings. The most that the Ambassador could allege was given in his remarks to members of the Institute of Arts and Sciences at Columbia University on the evening of the same February 11, to the effect that plotters and terroristic activities had required such action, and that these "terroristic activities" were "encouraged and even organized in other countries."

The least decided of the liberal protesters was Waldo Frank, who did not sign the joint letter, and still felt doubt as to his right to judge the Soviets. He sent one of his own, in which he made the point, capital from his own angle of vision:

> The U. S. S. R. is the "fatherland" of all true revolutionaries, the world over. And precisely because of this it cannot be excused on the ground of political expediency from living up to its own standards. . . . Insofar as it appears even to contradict justice at home, it is harming the cause of justice abroad.

From which we get an indication that deep down in the minds of these protesters was the consciousness of the illogicality of a position that would condemn Hitler vociferously for his "blood purge" yet would pass over serenely a parallel instance under another dictatorship, and the equal illogicality of claiming high idealism for such a regime. Oswald Garrison Villard, who stirred up a hornet's nest for himself by his editorials in the *Nation* for December 26 and January 3, sharply draws both of these inferences:

> As I said before, the end never justifies the means, and no good social order can be established by bloodshed. But in Moscow and Berlin the despots insist that their way of life is so precious, their aims so ideal, that they are warranted in blotting out the lives of any who oppose them, or who are believed to oppose them. How does my correspondent know that these 125 dead Russian men and women are "dastards"? Has she seen the evidence? Has she heard from their friends? Not a bit of it. She has merely accepted the statement of a prostituted Russian government press, which does not differ in the slightest degree in its subservience and degradation from that of Hitler. She doubtless would not believe one official word that comes out of Germany as to the motives or actions of those whom Hitler put to death. I see no reason why I should believe *Pravda* or *Izvestia* any more than I believe the *Tageblatt* or the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. I know that they could not tell the truth if they wanted to do so. . . .
>
> If American Liberals had remained silent about these Russian outrages, they would have been debarred from ever speaking out against what is happening in Spain, Germany, and heaven knows how many other countries, or any miscarriage of justice in the United States. Wrong never made right, nor ever will.

The same reasoning was followed by the former ardent enthusiast for the Soviet cause, the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, in his sermon at the New York Town Hall on February 11:

> I cannot speak for other liberals, but for myself I must say that I am unwilling to condemn ghastly horrors in Nazi Germany, and denounce dreadful crimes in my own country, and then remain silent when I see these same horrors and crimes,

or even worse, being perpetrated in Russia.

Like Waldo Frank, Dr. Holmes realized that it was a fatal strategy on Russia's part, in her attempt to win the world's good will. But is it merely a single misstep, to be deplored—from the Russian standpoint—because otherwise all looks favorable to her? Or is it a symptom of a deeper weakness in the Soviet system, of which the outside world is becoming gradually conscious?

The Ambassador's words at Columbia University merely confirmed the impression derived by anyone who dipped into the torrents of fear-inspired abuse that was spread upon the pages of *Izvestia* and *Pravda* for weeks following the assassination: that mass executions are just one part of the method adopted by the Soviet regime for throwing the blame on others for any weakness or failure in their plans.

How this is accomplished is brought out by Prof. V. V. Tchernavin in his work, published in translation and reviewed in last week's issue of *America*, entitled "I Speak for the Silent," in which he describes, from his own experience, conditions in the labor camps of the GPU in northern Russia.

Drastic as are the professor's descriptions of the horrors endured in these camps, the vermin, the filth, the pressure brought to bear to induce "confessions," the deceptions practised upon the prisoners expecting release, etc., more significant are his revelations concerning the labor camps as a commercial enterprise. Soviet sympathizers may counter by asking what credence, in turn, is to be attached to Professor Tchernavin's own words? Naturally no categorical answer can be given to this question. As a lone individual, the most he can do is to inspire a very serious doubt, not to claim an invincible credibility. Nevertheless, even the most captious must admit that he *is* capable of inspiring such a doubt as to the wisdom or humanity of the present regime, since, in the first place, Tchernavin was himself a thorough "liberal," devoted to the constructive aims of the Soviet plan. Again, wherever it is possible to parallel his descriptions of actual conditions, they tally with those of other competent witnesses.

Particularly striking is this concordance in his account of work in the winter woods as taken orally from the lips of an older peasant (page 254), with that of other victims, who like this peasant were forced to work waist, or even chest-deep while starving in the snow, until they dropped unconscious or dead.

Parallel to Tchernavin's tale is that of another witness, a Russia woman whose account is reproduced in the latest issue (Vol. XIV, No. 3) of the *Christian East* (Anglican) as to the questionings, filth, starvation, brutality to women, etc. Parallel, too, is that of a witness with whom Father Toomey and I have personally conversed by the hour, that living confessor of Christ, Bishop Matulionis, who lived through the same Solovietsky horrors as did Professor Tchernavin. What the Bishop told will be related by Father Toomey in another issue of this Review. Let me note, too, that the Professor's story checks in a great many other details with what has leaked out through the American press to the outer world: the two young enterprising heads of the GPU business concern; the terrific torture of the Jewish prisoners in the drive to obtain from them all foreign currency; the immense deportations from the North Caucasus and the Ukraine, and so on.

Particularly significant in Professor Tchernavin's story is the light that it throws upon the GPU in relation to that "planned economy" of the Soviet State which has attracted liberal thought in this country.

> The industrial enterprises of the GPU are growing from year to year and becoming a factor of decisive importance in the general economic activity of the U. S. S. R. The concentration camps, therefore, are actually enormous enterprises operating in the same field with "free" Soviet State institutions. . . . In many cases the scale of the work carried on by the GPU is larger than that of the corresponding Soviet institutions; it is quite probable, for instance, that the GPU lumber operations exceed those of free lumber "trusts." Communication construction has almost entirely passed into the hands of the GPU, and entire camps with hundreds of thousands of slaves are engaged in these works—the White Sea-Baltic Canal, the Moscow-Volga Rivers Canal, the Sirran and Koungour railroads, and the gigantic Bamlag, Baikal-Amour railroad development.

How is it possible, under the system of planned economy, to run such an industrial organization paralleling the State industry? The answer is simple:

> The point is that GPU in the U. S. S. R. is not simply a State institution, it is actually a state within a state. The GPU has its own troops, its own navy, millions of its own subjects (the prisoners in camps), its own territory where Soviet authority and laws do not function. The GPU issues its own currency, forbids its subjects to use Soviet currency and does not accept it at its stores. The GPU proclaims its own laws for its subjects, has its own jurisdiction and prisons. It is not surprising, therefore, that it maintains its own industry, parallel to Soviet industry.

Significant, too, are the "unique features" which differentiate the GPU from the Soviet industry. They may be summarized:

1. All work is carried on by hand, "not a single building of real capital type is erected, all service buildings are constructed as cheaply as possible." This is in sharp contrast to the spectacular Soviet construction and mechanization that provides pictures for the Sunday supplements of our American press. Why this difference? Because the camps have unlimited slave labor. "This personnel is actually the in-

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vested capital of the GPU enterprises; it takes the place of expensive equipment and machinery."

2. There are no "labor costs." Pay is in GPU script, for what you can get with it.

3. "The GPU trademark guarantees an assured home market for its goods—a Soviet purchaser never refuses goods offered him by this 'firm,' which are sold in open violation of trade regulations of the Soviet Government."

4. "Widely developed graft is another distinctive feature of all GPU enterprises." There is an elaborate system of presents in kind to all the higher-ups. There is also, of course, a complete system of espionage (ISO), of military guard (VOHR), and of mind-forming department, the KVO, or Cultural Educational Department."

And if anything breaks down, all that is needed is to shoot the experts, and blame it on sabotage.

I am optimistic, or try to be optimistic, for our American Liberals. I believe that there are enough honest and genuinely humane-minded men among them to face without unflinching the inescapable conclusion, slowly being borne in upon them, that a stand for human rights *cannot* be reconciled with the existence of the most elaborate system of profit-making slavery, of organized exploitation, that the world has ever seen.

—*America.*

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MARGARET SANGER, President
1343 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

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To recommend to the 74th Congress the immediate passage of Bills S. 600 and H. R. 5600 to amend Section 211-245-312 of the Criminal Code in order that parents may obtain proper scientific instruction on birth control to enable them to control the size of their families in consideration of the health of the mothers and the earning capacity of the fathers.

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